



Burt



👁 9 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Eugene McQuire

Fuck.

I know how Two Face felt.

Maybe we don't know what the fuck we are doing after all and we can only ride the chaos with something cold and inhuman to take the rap.

The personality test reminds me of fucking Scientology.

I hate Scientology.

Is happiness freedom?

The more the machine reads into the thrills I feel from breaking boundaries the more it pushes.

No, I want to say, I can't kill her.

But it's right.

I want to.

Jail sucks!

Not if we go on a nature walk and I push her off a high ravine or something. I live in the right area for that. There is like three deaths a year.

It's climbing to four.

This should not be turning me on.

I need an ice mocha-chino or whatever the fuck and a Diorum clove.

Like when I masturbated in a Kroger right about being wrong.

How is it the NSA knows what I'm thinking and I'm unchecked?

Maybe our forefathers are still in there.

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We the people blah blah something can pursue happiness and give us guns. I mean I'm no Republican but that brainwashing patriotism is starting to resound.

OK.

Meantime back in the Batcave.....

How, or should I say what, is my prerogative for going there?

Mother's day?

God this is going to crush me.

Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha

Maybe I'll have to take a vacation with that inheritance money- well fuck...

I'll just ask the machine.

Me and you buddy. You need a name. How bout Burt?

Burt the happiness machine.

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